

Mr. Jacob had just made some porridge of lentiles, and was going to eat it. My lord Esau said, Brother, give me some of your porridge. I made it for myself, answered Mr. Jacob, but if you will give me your title you shall have it. Esau, who was a glutton, complied, and sold his title for this mess of porridge. Therefore Jacob became the eldest, and was my lord, and Esau was only master.

*Mademoiselle.* You see, ladies, what gluttony causes. It is a vile fault. It is not only a sin to be a glutton, but it makes people sick, stupid, and shortens their days; but I will say no more upon this article; I have a much better opinion of you, my children, than to think you are gluttons. It is so vulgar and so shameful a vice, that I would not suffer a young lady whom I thought to be a glutton, to keep you company.—You blush, Miss Harriot; what, have you had the misfortune to commit a fault of this kind?

*Miss*

*Miss Harriot.* Yes, M few days ago my maid w some tea in the evening, a an hour about it,

*Mademoiselle.* You mu get the better of this na love; and if you will be have me continue to love repair the fault you have how will you do it, my de

*Miss Harriot.* I won't tea for a week: but then, M must promise me not to th the folly which I have com

*Mademoiselle.* Why would, my dear? When our faults, and endeavour himself forgets them; and shall not remember then your history, my dear.

*Miss Harriot.* Esau brother Jacob, because h title of him, and had ro